

Make Yourself at Home

by PrinzessinEilis

Category: Merlin

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Gwen/Guinevere, Morgana

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 20:42:32

Updated: 2016-04-10 20:42:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:23:31

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,720

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Have you ever had a girlfriend, Gwen?" Morgana asked casually instead, ignoring Gwen's unasked question. Gwen blinked slowly, wondering for a moment just how much wine she'd really had. "Ah, no?" she answered hesitantly. "I mean, I've only ever been with Arthur, really, and I- I like boys!" Morgana hummed, pushing a lock of dark hair behind Gwen's ear. "So?" she replied.

Make Yourself at Home

Gwen blinked sleepily, rubbing her eyes as she yawned into the dark. A glance at the alarm clock beside her cheerily blinked 01:22. Sighing, she swung her legs over the side of the bed, searching around with her feet for a shirt and coming up with Arthur's discarded tee, falling to the tops of her thighs.

Quietly, so as not to wake the other teen, she tiptoed out of his room and down the hall to the loo.

She'd been dating Arthur for almost two years now, since shortly after she'd come to Camelot College for sixth form, and in that time she'd become familiar with the blond's stately home, his parents not minding when she stayed the nights with him.

His father was always coolly polite, and didn't seem to pay much attention to her, or Arthur for that matter, one way or the other, but his step mother was always kind and welcoming to her; had always said that she was welcome at their home at any time.

Gwen took advantage of this welcome and made herself at home, more or less. Quickly finishing her business, she quietly padded down the stairs and into the large, pristine kitchen for a midnight snack.

As she leaned against the tall, marble worktop, carefully peeling an apple, Mrs. Pendragon rounded the corner into the room.

"Oh!," the older woman gasped slightly. "You're out of bed late."

Gwen set her apple on the counter, pulling the hem of her boyfriend's t-shirt down further. "Yeah, sorry I had to use the toilet and then I thought I should grab something quick to eat. I mean, you always say I should make myself at home, so I just- But that doesn't give me the right to walk around half naked in your kitchen in the middle of the night, I'm so sorry! I didn't think anyone else would be up so late, and I really had to pee, I didn't want to try and find my pants- I mean, we â€" that is, Arthur and I â€" of course we used protection, and I'm on the pill and everything, we weren't being unsafe! And it was just easier not to..."

Mrs. Pendragon's lips were trembling as she tried to keep herself from laughing, though her eyes were dancing with mirth. "Gwen, please, it's fine. I was a teenager once, too, I know what you and Arthur get up to, though I'm glad to hear you're being responsible. But please, relax â€" you don't have anything I haven't seen before," she gave a wry smirk and gestured toward her own body, clad in a purple, silken chemise. The hem of it was only just longer than the t-shirt Gwen was wearing, and the thin, form fitting material left little to the imagination. Gwen inhaled shakily at the sight, but relaxed nonetheless, comforted by the older woman's confidence and understanding.

Mrs. Pendragon glided further into the room, seating herself on a high backed stool before bending to open the small wine fridge built into the island. She pulled out a bottle of white wine and two crystal glasses.

"Wine?" she offered, sliding a glass toward Gwen. "Don't worry, it's sweet."

Gwen licked her lips and swallowed, picking up her apple and sitting across from the tall brunette at the kitchen island.

"Yes, please... thank you, Ma'am," she accepts shyly, biting into the flesh of her apple as the other woman poured the drink into their glasses, filling them nearly to the brim.

"Of course; and how many times have I told you to just call me 'Morgana'? After all, you're practically family." Morgana grinned teasingly and raised her glass for a toast.

Gwen giggled and reached across the island to softly clink their glasses together. "Thank you, Morgana," she said gratefully. "I think of you all as my second family, too. I hope to be around for a while."

"I'm sure you will be," Morgana murmured kindly behind her glass before taking a delicate sip, Gwen following suit.

The wine was sweet; fruity and not too dry. Arthur had treated them both to some of his family's wine before, and Gwen had developed a taste for it, no longer bothered by the burn of the alcohol, though the beverage had a tendency to go to her head somewhat quicker than most others.

Morgana licked the remainder of her draught off her lips before

setting her glass down and standing, rounding the island to Gwen's side. "Please, let me," she said, taking Gwen's apple and picking up the small paring knife the younger girl had left on the workbench.

"Oh, thanks," Gwen said, surprised, but appreciative.

"It's not a problem," Morgana acquiesced casually, expertly peeling the apple in a neat, unbroken spiral.

"How has school been? You'll be graduating soon, won't you? Have you put any thought into where you'd like to go for university? You know Uther is on the board here at the University of Albion."

"Oh, it's a bit hectic, but it's going well. I've applied at Albion, since that's where Arthur is going, but I've also sent applications to Celliwig and Tintagel, I think I ought to keep my options open, you know, but..."

Gwen's natural anxiety bade her to occupy herself somehow, and her glass quickly drained as the two women idly chatted, leaving her feeling pleasantly warm and relaxed.

Morgana placed a saucer full of thinly cut apple slices in front of Gwen as she sat herself on top of the island bench. The brunette flipped her long hair over her shoulder as she leaned across the island for her glass, topping up Gwen's as she went. Gwen stumbled over her words, blushing when the movement caused the older woman's light chemise to slip dangerously, her full breasts nearly escaping from the low neckline.

She took a draught of her newly refilled glass. Morgana smirked slightly and lifted her own glass to her lips. Morgana crossed her legs, making herself comfortable on the benchtop, causing her shift to slip higher, showing off her milky thigh and rounded hipbone. Gwen's eyes were drawn to the flesh as it was exposed and she took a large gulp of her wine, choking when it went down her trachea.

"Oh, dear," Morgana muttered worriedly, patting Gwen on the back to help clear her throat. "Wrong pipe?"

Gwen nodded, coughing, eyes watering. "Yes, sorry," she gasped, "I'm fine, really!"

Throat cleared, Gwen inhaled deeply and wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand, finally noticing that Morgana had never removed her hand, instead twirling her fingers in her curly hair, softly stroking the back of her neck.

"Uhm... M- Morgana?" She said uncertainly.

"Have you ever had a girlfriend, Gwen?" Morgana asked casually instead, ignoring Gwen's unasked question.

Gwen blinked slowly, wondering for a moment just how much wine she'd really had. "Ah, no?" she answered hesitantly. "I mean, I've only ever been with Arthur, really, and I- I like boys!"

Morgana hummed, pushing a lock of dark hair behind Gwen's ear. "So?" she replied.

Gwen shivered as Morgana trailed the backs of her fingers down the side of Gwen's neck.

"So... I- I, um..."

Her eyes fluttered closed when Morgana tugged the large shirt down and ducked to press a kiss to Gwen's bare shoulder.

"It's okay if you like both, you know," Morgana explained, her lips moving against Gwen's skin. "I know you like me."

Gwen exhaled shakily. "Oh..."

Morgana took this as permission to continue, taking Gwen by the chin and turning her head to press their lips together.

Gwen gasped sharply through her nose, but didn't pull away, and Morgana sensuously pushed her tongue past the barrier of Gwen's plush lips, petting her long curls as she encouraged the younger girl to relax.

A small moan escaped Gwen's throat, only to be swallowed up by Morgana.

When the older woman pulled away, Gwen's cheeks were flushed, her eyes nearly black as she panted, instinctively moving forward to bring them back together. Morgana slid the pad of her thumb along Gwen's damp bottom lip.

"Finish your drink and come upstairs with me?" Morgana suggested pointedly.

Obediently, Gwen swallowed down the rest of her wine, shaking her head slightly when the alcohol made her light-headed.

Morgana took one last sip of her own drink and set the glass down on the bar, liquid still sloshing around inside.

The older woman stood, holding out a pale hand to pull Gwen to her feet. Gwen took the proffered hand eagerly and followed Morgana back upstairs, thinking nothing of it when they passed by Arthur's cracked door on their way to the master suite, currently empty as Mr. Pendragon was away on business.

The bedroom was spacious and professionally decorated in pristine white and cream, the massive bed dominating the space.

Gwen spared a curious glance around the suite, but her attention was swiftly recaptured by Morgana who pulled her in closely and sealed their lips together once more.

Gwen whimpered and brought her arms up, wrapping them around the older woman's cool shoulders. Morgana's hands dipped down to the backs of her thighs, slithering under Arthur's t-shirt to grasp her bare cheeks, squeezing them harshly before dragging the shirt up the rest of the way. Gwen's arms raised automatically as she let Morgana strip her naked, the other woman pushing the straps of her negligee down and letting the loose fabric pool at her feet.

Gwen moaned quietly at the miles of pale skin on display, blushing bashfully when Morgana let her eyes roam Gwen's naked body. A flash of insecurity jolted through her as she compared her own awkward body to the goddess before her, self conscious in a way she hadn't felt with Arthur.

And yet, Morgana only leered hungrily at her, one manicured hand cupping her soft, tawny breast, rolling a nipple between her fingers as she brought them back together, licking into her mouth and leading her back toward the bed.

The backs of her knees hit the bed and she fell backwards, bringing her knees up as she crawled up the mattress. Morgana stalked after her, insinuating herself between Gwen's warm brown thighs, fingers digging into the thick flesh as she spread them further apart, baring the pink folds of Gwen's pussy to the cool air making the younger girl hiss through her teeth.

"So pretty," Morgana murmured, kissing up her inner thigh.

Inching closer, brushed her nose against Gwen's damp, downy curls inhaling the heady scent of cum and arousal, and the lingering traces of latex, proof of the teens' earlier coupling. Curious, she darted her tongue out to taste.

Gwen gasped loudly, arching her back as Morgana eagerly lapped at her cunt, ridding her of any evidence of her and Arthur's activities, Morgana's clever tongue expert in its ministrations. Gwen hooked her arms around her legs and pulled them up to her chest, holding herself open for the older woman to do with her as she pleased.

"Mmmmm," Morgana moaned. "You like that?" Gwen keened wordlessly, nodding her head and hitching her hips in a nonverbal demand that Morgana ignored. Instead, she sucked open mouthed kisses up Gwen's soft tummy, biting at her breasts before letting Gwen taste her own juices.

It wasn't that Gwen had never tasted herself before, or even that she didn't enjoy the taste, but somehow it was so much more addictive a flavour coming from Morgana's mouth, and Gwen greedily devoured the taste.

"Taste good?"

Gwen ran her hands up and down the length of Morgana's lean back, desperate. "Please!" she begged.

Morgana only chuckled darkly, biting at the teen's neck. "'Please', what?" she asked, grinding her pubic bone leisurely between Gwen's open legs.

The younger girl whimpered, baring her throat. She rutted anxiously, mindlessly against the woman, panting at the attention paid to her sensitive throat. "Let me taste you!" she pleaded mindlessly.

That got Morgana to react, moaning lowly into Gwen's neck, olivaceous skin already flushed and shining with perspiration. Morgana couldn't deny the girl's wish, and more to the point, she didn't want to. Obediently, the older woman turned herself around, kneeling on either side of the teen's head before bending down to bury her face between

her thighs once more, Morgana's own waxed lips hanging tantalizingly above Gwen's watering mouth.

Unable to resist, Gwen grasped her firm ass and pulled her down, arching up to delve her tongue between the woman's glistening folds, lapping at her dripping slit.

Morgana ground down into her waiting mouth and fixed her own on Gwen's engorged clit, sucking on the throbbing organ as she dipped two fingers into her needy pussy. Gwen gasped, flexing her legs in an attempt to spread them further, head slamming back against the pillow as she cried out. Helplessly, she moved her hips to the rhythm Morgana set, riding her long, talented fingers, slipping her own inside of Morgana's greedy cunt.

As Morgana slurped obscenely, Gwen finally was able to gather her presence of mind and dive back into the treat above her, dipping her tongue into the older woman's hole, her fingers moving down to rub at her clit.

"Oh! Fuck...!" Morgana cried, bearing down and riding Gwen's tongue, sliding a third finger into Gwen's slit alongside the first two. Fingers curling to massage the teen's g-spot, Morgana attacked her clit with quick flicks of her tongue.

The dual stimulation was too much for Gwen, though, and when the woman pulled back and blew a cool stream of air on her over-sensitized clitoris, Gwen squealed, gushing around Morgana's fingers.

Morgana didn't let this stop her, though, her fingers never moving from their place inside of Gwen, instead milking the orgasm from the other girl, her free hand dipping down to pick up where Gwen had left off.

Gwen clenched around Morgana's fingers, eyes rolling into the back of her head as Morgana tortured her g-spot. As her orgasm ebbed, though, she quickly realised her mistake, and swatted Morgana's hand away from her own cunt and replaced it with her mouth, ravenously devouring the older woman's pussy.

Sighing in relief, Morgana quickly spun around again to straddle Gwen's face, pushing her hair through the girl's thick curls as she rode her mouth, Gwen alternating between long, firm laps along the length of Morgana's folds, and quick kitten licks to her clit, fingers setting a fast pace inside her.

It didn't take long for her to find her own pleasure.

Morgana let Gwen lick her clean of her orgasm before sliding down her body to taste herself from the girl's lips.

Gwen sighed happily, wrapping her limbs around the woman, licking her own juices from her mouth.

When Morgana pulled away, panting, Gwen hummed sleepily and relaxed back into the bed, but the older woman wasn't having it.

Morgana lightly slapped her flushed cheek. "Hey now, don't go to sleep yet. I still have plans for you tonight," she reprimanded

playfully.

Gwen's eyes snapped open. "Seriously?" she asked incredulously, pussy still throbbing and sensitive from the two rounds she'd undergone that night.

"Hmmm," Morgana answered non-committally, licking a bit of cum from Gwen's chin before stretching over her to reach inside the drawer of her night table, pulling out a tube of cherry-red lubricant and a curiously curved dildo.

Gwen's eyes widened when she set eyes on the toy, mouth falling open slightly.

Morgana saw her expression and grinned lasciviously. "Impressive, isn't it? It's a strapless strap-on. I bought it new with you in mind," she confessed.

Gwen's eyes darted up to meet Morgana's in surprise. "With me in mind?" she repeated.

The older woman blushed, an almost shy expression on her face that was completely at odds with the moment.

"I've wanted you for a long time, Gwen," she admit softly, pushing her fingers through her hair, brushing the sweat-damp strands off her face, before laying down beside the girl once more, nuzzling their noses together. "How could I not with you here so often, so warm and sweet â€" nothing at all like anyone else here; not even me. You're like our sunshine, Gwen. How could I resist you?" She laid a hand on Gwen's round hip, stroking up her ribs. "How could I let you stare at me like you do when you think I can't see, without taking you for myself?"

Gwen's eyes watered embarrassingly, overwhelmed, and she couldn't help but lean forward to kiss the woman again.

"How do you use the strap-on?" she asked, bringing the subject back around to the matter at hand.

Morgana grinned beatifically, nipping Gwen's lower lip before flipping them back over and straddling the teen's waist.

Morgana held the strap-on in front of her so the phallus was pointed at Gwen. "It's pretty self explanatory, I should think. This bit," she said, pointing to the thick dildo, "goes inside you. It's a bit large, but I think you can handle it," she winked. "Then this," she stroked the curve that jutted up behind it, "goes in me. There's ribs here so I can stimulate my clit as well as my g-spot while I fuck you."

Gwen gulped, licking her lips, already feeling a dribble of wetness drip out of her in excitement and she shifted eagerly from her spot underneath the older woman.

"Yeah..." Morgana caressed Gwen's quivering stomach. "You want Mummy to fuck you, baby girl?"

"Oh, yes," Gwen sighed, arching up into her touch.

Morgana punched the flesh between her fingers. "'Yes', what?" she probed.

Gwen's forehead wrinkled in confusion for a moment, but she caught on quickly. Smirking teasingly, she obliged; "Yes, _Mummy_?"

Morgana shuddered at the words and draped over the girl, kissing her roughly before quickly pulling away and liberally coating both ends of the dildo with the warming lubricant.

Kneeling over Gwen with her knees spread wide, Morgana carefully inserted the pony inside her body, squeezing as it shifted into place, nudging that tender spot inside her, her sensitive clit sending sparks of pleasure through her body as it rubbed against the textured front when the strap-on settled properly.

Already the older woman was panting and shaking, and she wasted no time pushing Gwen's legs up and settling between them. Gwen helpfully folded her legs close to her chest, one long leg draping over Morgana's arm as she nudged the tip of the dildo against Gwen's hole.

Gwen pushed back encouragingly, and Morgana slowly slid home, the lube warm and tingly inside her as the thick phallus filled her up.

Morgana didn't give her time to adjust, knowing there was no need after her earlier round with her step-son, and immediately shifted into a steady rhythm, hard and deep, but maddeningly slow, driving Gwen wild.

Morgana lifted a hand to roughly pinch and roll her nipples between her fingers, massaging her full, pale breasts, and Gwen immediately took her cue. Pushing herself up on her arms, the angle making her eyes cross, she latched her mouth onto Morgana's other nipple, sucking hard, biting the hard, pink nipple softly.

"Oh!" Morgana gasped harshly, fisting her hand into Gwen's curls, pulling hard as she held her close, baring her throat and arching her chest into Gwen's mouth. "Fuck! Yes!- Suck on Mummy's tits, baby! Just- Just like that...!" Her rhythm faltered as her control fractured, the pace quickening to a punishing tattoo.

The pounding ground her clit into the ridged front and tortured her with agonizing pleasure, her second orgasm coming quickly.

Wanting to bring them both off together, Morgana insinuated a slim hand between their bodies, her fingers deftly finding Gwen's own engorged bud and rubbing in dizzying circles that made the teen scream as she fell back into the mattress.

Morgana bent over her, keeping their bodies close together, replacing her fingers with her thumb, but never letting up the attention to her clit, and Gwen helplessly wrapped her arms around the woman, nails dragging welts across her back and shoulders, but Morgana didn't mind.

It didn't take long for Gwen to come, sobbing through the throes before slumping, exhausted into the pillows, spasming with the aftershocks while Morgana clenched her muscles around the pony

grinding into her g-spot, chasing her own pleasure.

A long wail burst out of her as her orgasm crested, having held her breath in her concentration. She arched over Gwen as she rode through it, panting as she came down.

Pressing a sweet kiss to the valley between the soft peaks of Gwen's breasts, Morgana gently pulled the dildo out, the teen grunting in sleepy displeasure. Morgana chuckled, tugging the pony free from her own hole and chucking it haphazardly to the ground, planning to wash it in the morning.

The hour and activity finally caught up with Gwen, though, and she was scarcely aware as Morgana pulled the duvet up around them both, curling around her and pushing her face into Gwen's damp, sweet-smelling waves, knowing she should wake the girl and send her back to her boyfriend, but unable to care.

*

Arthur groped his night table for a tissue, mopping up the tacky cum before frustratingly collapsing into the wet spot. Anger and arousal swirled through his mind along with the annoyance at how effectively sounds travelled through the large house.

He vowed to have words with the women in the morning.

End
file.